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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1909.

THE PRESIDENT ON TOUR.

Being a President on tour is not all
beer and skittles. Or perhaps we
should say that it is far, far too much
beer and skittles. A certain definite
amount of the presidential time is al-
located to a city, and the Reception
Committee figures it out to a decimal.
Something is provided for every sec-
ond. If the great guest lingers a mo-
ment longer than expected over the in-
formal breakfast at \$15, a lot of an-
xious people at the other end of the
town may be kept waiting by just that
amount of time four hours later. That
part, of course, is a detail. The Presi-
dent's end of it is another matter, even
though he voluntarily assumes it. To be
on show for every minute of one's
waking hours is a pretty heavy strain
even on a man of the staidest nerves
and the stoutest constitution.

That is exactly what the President
is when he swings around the circle.
The people are merciless in their de-
mands. Whether knocking him up at
7 o'clock to come out on the rear plat-
form and address the girls' normal
school or keeping him up till 2 A. M.
to talk to a lot of middle-aged ban-
queters, they allow him no rest what-
ever. He eats, drives, talks, thinks,
inspects, reads his mail in the fullest
gaze of the thousands. Undoubtedly
the people would file by in hundreds
to see him asleep if they could. Un-
pityingly they stodge him with floods
of many and wonderful kinds; they
give him things, shake his hand a mil-
lion times, and ask for his autograph;
they call on him for speeches till his
brain is numb and his voice is rag-
ged as a file. Presidents who were
weak physically could never stand such
hauling and mauling. It would kill
them off like flies.

The correspondents have been inter-
ested in totting up some figures about
Mr. Taft's tour, which ended in Wash-
ington last night. It has lasted fifty-
seven days and has covered 12,759 rail-
way miles. In addition must be men-
tioned another 1167 miles covered in
automobiles, stages, and carriages. On
this tour the President has made some
250 speeches, and attended no less than
679 formal breakfasts, luncheons and
dinners. Hardly once since he left
Washington has he eaten in privacy or
had the privilege, as some paragraph-
ers put it, of ordering what he likes.
These are terrifying figures, which
may offer compensation in some de-
gree to those of us who know clearly
that we shall never be President. Mr.
Taft, however, seems to have thrived
under it. At the up-end of it all, he
is as smiling and pink and hearty-
looking a man as you could find in a
day's walk.

MOVING PICTURES AS A HELP TO
THE FARMER.

The influence of the moving picture
shows, for good or for evil, is too
well understood in this day to require
much argument. In the first place they
enter to an enormous clientele. The
records show that the patrons of these
resorts, with their nickel admission
fee, are in the course of a year lit-
erally numbered by the million. In the
next place these immense audi-
ences are largely made up of people
who are not reached by many other
outside influences. They do not patron-
ize the educational drama at \$2 a
seat; they rarely visit the art gal-
eries or go to the opera; their read-
ing is largely confined to the cheaper
daily press. In other words, they are
largely impressionable people, easy to
reach and to affect. Blood and thun-
der films have a bad influence on some
of them, as occasional stray items in
the newspapers show. Contrariwise,
the unparalleled opportunity of the
films to speak to the many can be
turned to most excellent account.

It is a pleasure to believe that the
character of the "plays" offered by
the nickelodeons is gradually improv-
ing. Stories from Scripture are grow-
ing more and more usual; and when we
see a version of Browning's "Pippa
Passes" and other favorites of the
highbrows thrown upon the screen, we
may well believe that the impulse to
the uplift is working strongly here.
But an even bigger and more no-
table field now seems to be open-
ing before these theatres of the poor.
The Times-Dispatch has earlier di-
rected attention to the possibilities of
the moving pictures in the industrial
world. The chance to show methods
of manufacture in a graphic way long
since attracted the bright minds of
salesmen and advertising managers.
Now at last a definite scheme is to
be tried on a State, if not a national
scale for sounding the commercial
possibilities of this twentieth century
medium.

The field is the poultry yard and
State is New York. Poultry is
some trouble. The census of
poultry ten years ago fixed the num-
ber at 1,000,000. In this country at
least, the poultry is the most impor-

tant of the output of eggs in
1900 at 1,000,000,000 dozen; while the
annual egg and poultry bill of the
country is estimated at over \$500,000,000.
The New York Department of
Agriculture, in connection with the
United States Department, will attempt
to develop this very considerable busi-
ness by the use of moving pictures.
Thousands of feet of films have been
taken at the New York agricultural
experiment station at Ithaca, showing
the latest improved methods for rais-
ing poultry and eggs for the market.
These films will first be shown over
New York State, no doubt in connec-
tion with just such courses as our own
Farmers' Institute undertakes to pro-
vide. If the results justify it, the ex-
hibits are likely to be shown all over
the country under the direction of the
national department. What can be
done for the poultry business can, of
course, be done for a hundred other
businesses. A vista is opened up here
which may lead to memorable results.

SOME OLD VIRGINIA JOURNALS.
The St. Louis Republic opened an in-
teresting page of history the other
day in celebrating its centenary. One
of its editors fell to delving in the
files of his historic journal, and took
the pains to count up how many news-
papers had survived a century of life.
He discovered eighty-two, scattered
through the country, from Massachu-
setts to Missouri.

In this list are included two Vir-
ginia papers of ancient lineage: The
Shenandoah Valley, of New Market,
and the Alexandria Gazette. The for-
mer, week in, week out, has been
printed for over a century, while the
large pages of the latter have been
edited by successive generations of
the same family for 169 years.

What a world of action lies buried
in the dusty files of these two old
Virginia newspapers, yellowed with
age and dimmed with time. They
chronicled the farewell of Washing-
ton, and told of a new war with Brit-
tain. They narrated the troubled story
of the slavery controversy, and moral-
ized on the United States Bank and the
Walker tariff. They printed scanty
"news from the front" for forty-
eight months, and between black bor-
ders listed long columns of "dead and
wounded." They fought the white
man's battle in the dark days of Re-
construction, and sounded the white
man's paeon when the last bluecoats
crossed the Potomac.

But the very mention of these two
survivors brings up the memory of
those who fell in the fight against time
and progress. What of the Old Ga-
zette, the Virginia Chronicle and the
Patriot? Who remembers the Nor-
folk Argus, the Norfolk Herald, the
Petersburg Republican, the Lynchburg
Virginian, and the Charlottesville Jeffer-
sonian? Where can be found a copy
of young Roger Pryor's South, or a
single sheet of the old Richmond Pen-
ny Post. Printers and presses, forms
and editors, all are gone.

Even the later Richmond papers, re-
nowned through the South, are fast
being forgotten. Who can recall the
days when Richmond boasted seven
dailies? How many can remember
when Ritchie and Pleasant had their
fatal duel? The versatile Hughes, the
venerable "Father" Ritchie, the calm
Gallagher, the brilliant Wise and the
invincible Daniel alike belong to the
past. Their passions, their patriotism,
their quarrels and their glory shine
only through the moth-eaten pages of
their dead journals.

THE NEW THEATRE.

The New Theatre, opened in New
York with "Antony and Cleopatra" on
Monday night, embodies a revolt
against the stage of Broadway. Dis-
satisfaction with that stage has been
fairly widespread for a long time, but
putting through a revolt against it has
been another matter. The trouble has
been with the people, who, it must be
confessed, are not always enthusiastic
about "the best." Just as "The Pil-
grim's Progress" gathers dust on the
shelves, while the latest gaudily-pic-
tured frivolity runs to enormous edi-
tions, so Shakespeare, even when very
well acted, plays to slim houses, while
"The Girl-Child of Gotham" or the
like is turning 'em away. The disposi-
tion of the people to be entertained,
rather than improved, sits strong upon
them and is the final quantity to be
reckoned with in every undertaking
such as this.

But it is safe to say that no such
promising attempt to elevate the stage
was ever before made in this country.
While the New Theatre will be a fail-
ure, in a moral sense, if it does not
make a steady appeal to play-goers, it
is financially independent. It does not
have to pass the box-office measuring
rod over every play and every actor.
Thanks to the gifts of thirty wealthy
men, it can let its expenses far outrun
its receipts and still keep going. The
surroundings which it provides for art
are of the very best, the building
which houses the "new" idea is far
and away the handsomest theatre in
America. Indeed, the one complaint
that we have seen made against it is
of "over-ornamentation" and "fairly
imperial lavishment." The price for
enjoying these luxuries is the scale
obtaining at the usual New York the-
atres. The company of actors, headed
by Southern and Marlowe, is of the first
order. Nor will there be "stars" in
this theatre, or plays written or twist-
ed or staged especially to give some
favored actor the "centre" at the
expense of the others. Thoroughly
artistic productions of plays that
are worth such pains will be the ideal
and goal of the director and man-
agers. Shakespeare, of course, is not
the whole repertoire, or near it. Un-
der the by-laws two out of every
three plays produced shall be modern.
The play to follow "Antony and Cle-
opatra" is a comedy by a talented
young American. Opera will be sung

there twice a week by the Metropol-
itan Opera Company.
The future of an institution offer-
ing so much that is good and attrac-
tive ought to be safe. Paris has her
Theatre Francaise, and there is no
reason in the world why this approach
to a national theatre in New York
should not be a permanent success,
with far-reaching benefits to the Amer-
ican stage. But everything depends
upon the people, and they constitute
the most uncertain quantity in the
world.

What a come-down for any man to
have to return to Washington (D. C.)
fare after a day of the delight-ful
del of Richmond, the grub hub of the
universe!

It is said that during his Western
tour Senator Aldrich will ignore Sen-
ator Cummins, which is on the whole
the wisest thing for him to do.

As to the Democratic nomination in
1912, it does not appear that former
Judge Gaylor intends to act like a
rank anti-Barkiste.

MERELY JOKING.

There's the Rub.
Pearl: "He is so romantic! He said he
would love me until the stars grow old."
The girl: "Then my dear, will he love
you until you grow old?"
Chicago News.

Matrimonial Fishing.
"I have a small-salaried clerk on the
string," remarked the first girl.
"What?"
"I shall I throw him overboard!"
"By no means," advised the second girl.
"Use him for bait."—Kansas City Journal.

Just So.
"I hear he is lecturing at \$2 a seat."
"He says he has a message for the
world."
"And proposes to collect on delivery, eh?"
—Houston Chronicle.

Begun Early.
"Ever have a yearning for higher things?"
"Yes, sir." "Then you had better get
the moon."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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"Why do you want a sixteenth wife?" in-
quired the traveler.
"Anything for a quiet life," explained the
nabob of Atlanta. "Then my dear, can
you make up four tables at progressive
euchre?"—Pittsburgh Post.

A Passing Part.
"How's the thermometer you bought,
Jabez?"
"Don't seem to be much of a success so
far. It ain't brought on no unusual weather
as yet."—Washington Herald.

THE CEASELESS CRITICS.

SECRETARY WILSON might easily turn
these abundant farms of the South
into a national school lesson by
putting the 11,000 men of his department
to work on them.—Omaha Bee.

Take care of the pennies and the pounds
will take care of themselves is a good old
proverb. Mr. Loeb is taking care of the
pennies, and trusting to luck for the
pounds.—Providence Journal.

Declining mint juleps and accepting baked
potatoes at a dinner probably has rendered
himself a hopeless puzzle to more Southern
colonels than he suspects.—Washington
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As we understand the arrangements, the
Federal administration intends to spend
several weeks in Washington during the
approaching winter.—New York Mail.

Since Commander Perry is to be paid \$125
a month, it is a pity that he is not paid
that much for his services.—Kansas City
Star.

Sir Thomas Lipton says it is a good thing
to be born poor. Andrew Carnegie says it
is a good thing to die poor. So what's the
use?—New York World.

SULLIVAN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Life-Story of New York Politician an
Epic of Progress.

Conspicuous among those who have
told their fellow-creatures the story of
their lives are the Italian, Venenuto
Collini; the Swiss, Jean Jacques Rous-
seau; the Englishman, Edward Gibbon,
and the American, Benjamin Franklin.
Jean Jacques has made the great-
est stir and is by far the greatest
self-revelation ever made by an abnor-
mal man. But the autobiography par
excellence of the normal human being
is that of Benjamin Franklin.

A new claimant for honors in the
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York, who, at a big meeting on the
Bowers Sunday night, told the audi-
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hood he was so poor that his mother
often went to bed without supper, yet
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A kind teacher once gave him a pair
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ever got any money he would remem-
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Tim is now rich. He went into part-
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year.

"I will not tell you how much I am
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many of you would be coming around
in the morning to borrow money of me."
But Tim never forgot that pair of
shoes. Fourteen years ago he began
giving people Christmas dinners and
shoes. "And I'm going to buy shoes
for people as long as I live," he says.
"I am not worth \$50,000, or \$30,000,
as some report. But I am worth
something, and there is no reason why
I shouldn't be. I'm an average down-
town boy with a good, clear head, and
it's always clear, for I don't drink or
smoke."—Boston Globe.

NECESSITIES VS. LUXURIES.

Fallacy of Aldrich's Tariff Myth Eas-
ily Demonstrated.

One of the claims made for the new
tariff bill by Senator Aldrich and other
sponsors was that it bore down strong-
ly upon the luxuries, thus making the
rich who consume them pay most of
them, while at the same time it greatly
reduced the rates on the necessities,
thereby reducing the prices upon them.

Now it is curious to learn whether this
was true or not. It is eight articles that
are luxuries, and it also listed eight other
articles which are necessities. Here they are:

	P. C.
Sugar	73.87
Blankets	105.42
Nails	138.12
Carpets	66.72
Stockings	87.05
Clothing	84.01
Dried goods	135.30
Shirts	101.18
Luxuries.	P. C.
Diamonds	19
Automobiles	45
Champagne	50
Pure alcohol	50
Paintings and statuary	50
Jewelry	60
Yachts	32
Exotic taxes	32
These are official figures, taken from the publication issued by the Senate Committee on Finance.—Lincoln Even- ing News.	

Borrowed Jingles

THE AIRSHIP GAZER.

He has a neck as stiff as bone.
There's nothing that can bend it.
He started out last week alone
To seek an airship in the zone
Where man was wont to send it.

He akyward gazed from dawn till dark,
From point to point he shifted;
He heard below the auto spark,
The small boy shout, a mongrel bark,
But kept his face uplifted.

The evening came, he still looked high
Into the starry heaven;
Eight, nine o'clock passed slowly by,
The moon came out and lit the sky;
He stayed till half past eleven.

Next morning he was up and out
And averted no succeeding;
He never declined to look about,
Although he still heard urelins shout,
But kept the heavens reading.

At last a murmur caught his ear,
Or some gay rustic jabbed him.
He tried at last his sight to clear,
Look down on earth, but dear, oh dear!
His neck just up and stabbed him.

To-day he wears a plaster cast
Over his neck and shoulders;
His ears and chin are buckled fast,
But he has seen a ship at last
And isn't out a dollar!

—New York Times.

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SPRIDDITCH IS
NOT A NOBLEMAN

RUSSIANS HAVE PLAYFUL WAY OF
MAKING CORN DOCTORS
MAJOR-GENERALS.

GULLY BECOMES A VISCOUNT

Unfortunate Domestic Affairs
Cause Some Complications
in His Family.

BY LA MARQUE DE FONTENAY.
It is difficult to understand why Amer-
ican newspapers should persist in
accusing the Russian nobleman who
ever to "Count" Spridditch.
In the first place, Spridditch is not a
count, and has no title of nobility.
Nor is he the president of the great
Pan-Slavic Congress, the Slavonic
Benevolent Society, which has its
headquarters at Moscow, and which
is an important political organi-
zation, whereas the one with which
Spridditch is connected, namely, the
so-called Slav Society, merely trades
in the sale of the Union of the
Slavs of Russia, of Serbia, of Rou-
mania, Austria, Macedonia, etc., pri-
marily because of common mem-
bership of the Orthodox Greek Church,
is supremely ridiculous. Spridditch
is the name of the permanent suc-
cessor of the American money, his
latest quarry being Mrs. William A.
Chapman, of New York, credited with
the fortune of \$1,000,000. If so many
have refrained from bestowing upon him
their hand, and incidentally their for-
tune, it is because they have dis-
covered in time that he has no social
standing to speak of, either in Russia
or anywhere else in Europe, and that
the move he has made to become
the court of Belgrade, he is not known
at the court of St. Petersburg, or of
any other European court, and that
in fact, his applications for
presentation to the Czar have invariably
met with curt refusals.

With regard to the grant of a
title, while it is true that the Czar
counts for little in Russia and in the
Balkans, for in Serbia the epau-
lette is the only mark of distinction,
freely, while in Russia all sorts of
civilian offices, some of them of a
highly honorary character, are as-
signed to military men, and the Czar
as chief ranks as a colonel, and his chieft-
ain as major-general, while there are
doubtless many other military men
who will recall the visit of the colossal
fat Muscovite scientist and university
professor, Modeste Kitary, who came
over here some years ago on a govern-
ment mission, and who not only styled
himself Major-General Modeste Kitary,
but who wore a major-general's uni-
form, although he had never been
anything else but a purely civilian
professor at his life.

Spridditch is a mere Serbian than
Russian, and his claims to be a Rus-
sian nobleman are calculated to cause
the least of his friends to wonder
about the man's status and antecedents.
They are as preposterous as his intima-
tion in an interview with the cor-
respondent of the Times, that he was
agency the other day at Paris, in
which he describes himself as "the
Count K. K. K.," as the only person
of an attempt on the part of the
emissaries of Austria to poison him,
and as the future liberator not only
of the Balkans, but of the whole of
Austrian thraldom, but also of Albania
from Ottoman rule.

It is not, what is said, that he is a
creature and pseudo-prince. About
Ghika, who says when he hears that
Spridditch declared him to be mere-
ly a Serbian, he is not a nobleman, but
a man, remains to be seen, for Ghika,
former circus manager and perform-
er, hailing from Jassy, in Roumania,
is himself a nobleman, and a member
of the Albanian, by the people of which
his pretensions are treated
with respect and contempt that they deserve.
It is a pity that he is not a fortune
hunter, but a throne hunter. He is
a worthy match for Albert Ghika,
the son of the late Prince of Bulgaria,
the United States, it is to be hoped
that nobody will treat him seriously
as a nobleman, and that he will be
less insignificant money to the more
of the London stock market, which he
is the president.

Concerning Viscount Selby.
Through the death of Viscount Sel-
by, who was raised to the House of
Lords after many years of service as
Speaker of the House of Commons, the
eldest son, the Hon. James William
Herschell Gully, now becomes a peer
of the realm, and enjoys the expe-
rience, at present, of the young lords
members of the upper house of Eng-
land's national legislature, of hav-
ing no voice in the House of Commons.
It was for some time in prison
perpetrated in connection with the
abduction of his own daughter from the
court of the late Prince of Bulgaria,
which was judicially separated at the time.
That his imprisonment was not re-
sulting in any serious punishment, but
shown by the fact that he has retained
his membership of the bar of
Brook's, of the Garfield, and of the
London courts, to which he has re-
turned. Unfortunately, when he
carried off his ten-year-old girl to the
islands off the coast of Sweden,
there was another member of his party,
Mrs. Dorothea Grey, the lady who had
been the cause of his separation from
his wife. She is the youngest daughter
of the late Sir William Grey, K. C.,
and a sister of the beautiful Lady
Eden, of Maryland, who has been
married in turn by Whistler and by
Sargent, and whose daughter, Marjorie,
was married last summer in Lon-
don to the son of the late Lord War-
wick's son and Lord Brooke.

If the sentence of the court for the
abduction was of a nominal character,
it was because some sympathy was ex-
cited in the defendant's behalf through
the practical admission by the former
prince in turn by Whistler and by
Sargent, and whose daughter, Marjorie,
was married last summer in Lon-
don to the son of the late Lord War-
wick's son and Lord Brooke.

Through the death of Viscount Sel-
by, who was raised to the House of
Lords after many years of service as
Speaker of the House of Commons, the
eldest son, the Hon. James William
Herschell Gully, now becomes a peer
of the realm, and enjoys the expe-
rience, at present, of the young lords
members of the upper house of Eng-
land's national legislature, of hav-
ing no voice in the House of Commons.
It was for some time in prison
perpetrated in connection with the
abduction of his own daughter from the
court of the late Prince of Bulgaria,
which was judicially separated at the time.
That his imprisonment was not re-
sulting in any serious punishment, but
shown by the fact that he has retained
his membership of the bar of
Brook's, of the Garfield, and of the
London courts, to which he has re-
turned. Unfortunately, when he
carried off his ten-year-old girl to the
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